

## The Place Where I Run

I run along the  
Yakima River,  
along a dirt road,  
thru trees & across a  
large meadow dotted with  
tiny lakes.

The woods are  
full of cows & horses &  
jackasses that  
peer out at me  
from behind trees  
as I run by.

At the end of the  
meadow is a  
hill of gravel.

I run up the hill &  
look around me at the  
barren hills that  
hold the valley,  
the snow-capped mountains  
further back.

All the animals  
in the field  
look my way.

Anybody who eats icecream  
like you do  
must know where it's  
at.

I just don't see  
the sense, drinking  
beer like you do,  
I'm happy with this  
icecream here,  
don't need all that  
beer she said sitting  
cross-legged on the  
floor, holding a  
lungful of smoke  
from her  
mentholated cigarette,  
flicking the ashes into the  
icecream.